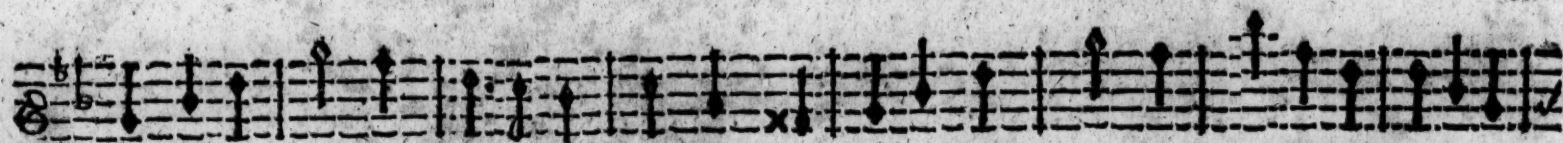


# Scotland's Good Wishes to His Royal Highness :

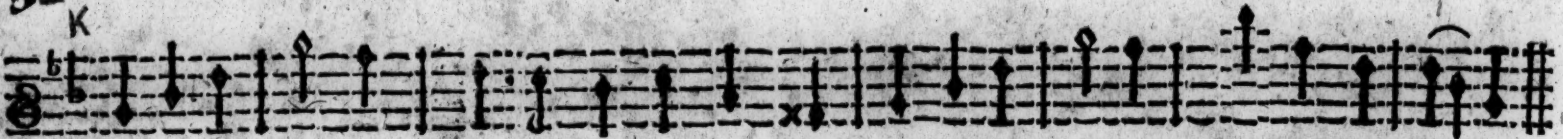
## O R, The Whigs Malice Discovered and Defeated.

Being a most pleasant New Song, to a New Tune,

7.



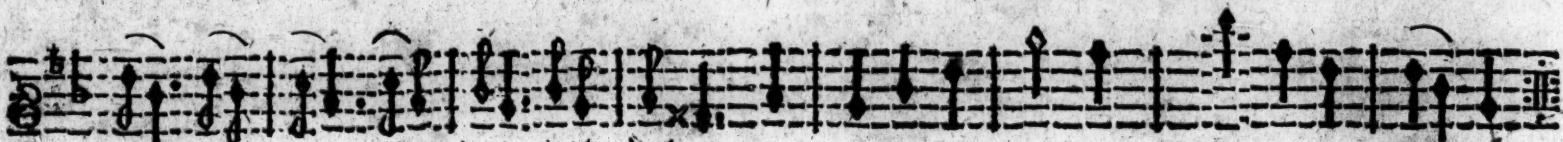
Jockey away Man, Dee'l have me by the Luggs, Ere I will stay man, to be such a Rogue ; By



my Bonnet *Sawny*, do'st thou not see, How the false Loons at Forty-One would be ?



They would Venture, Banter, Ranter, both the New Whigg, and Old Covenanter ;



Division, Misprision, Sedition, They've wrapp'd up in the *Association*.

( 2 )

It now at length we've got the removing on't,

to a Test we've turned the Covenant ;

Muckle Dee'l have the Loons is my pray'r,

if they bereave us of our right Lawful Heir :

For Scotland's Royal, Loyal, Joyal,

our joy, the *Whigs* we defie all :

We mighted him, righted him,

When *England* slighted him,

*Tan ta ra ra ra Boys, now we'l delight in him.*

( 3 )

What a muckle stir have the Loons been making ?

ay, in geud faith, they have been a raking

to the Embers of old Sedition,

to light Solemn League with *New Petition* :

It yet Great *Jemmy* shall be, will be

happy in spite of what e're they still do :

Though *Whigs* hate him,

Slight him, spight him,

*Tan ta ra ra ra Boys, and we'l delight him.*

( 4 )

There is a Prince that's Royally descended,

whom the kind Heavens have so long befriended ;

though of late the politick Faction

about him have studyed to raise a Distraction :

He'l defie all, is Royal, Loyal,

And next our geud King, in him we'l joy all,

right him, right him, shou'd *England* slight him,

*Tan ta ra ra ra Boys, and we'l delight him.*

( 5 )

There is a Souldier that is far Renowned,

and has with Victory full oft been Crowned ;

when as the Man with the Tap in's side,

*Worster* did bluster, and yet his Head did hide :

Though he's zealous, jealous rebellious,

And Prince of *Whiggland*, as some do tell us,

Yet the brave *Albany*, will be, shall be  
Famous, when Faction shall not at all be.

( 6 )

Full well we see what they would be doing,

And what mischief the Loon *Whiggs* are sowing ;

Muckle Dee'l take them e're they reap it,

And burn the solemn *League* with those that keep it,

And they that love it, move it, prove it,

For now we'l be loyal, and strive to remove it ;

In spite of their Railing,

Affailing, Cabaling,

*Tan ta ra ra ra Boys, we will delight him.*

( 7 )

For *Jemmy* has settled the *Scottish Nation*,

A Prince brave and wise, not rul'd by passion ;

Though *Whigs* that strive to raise discontent,

Make him the Quarrel to give Rebellion vent ;

Yet we joy all, are loyal, defie all,

Dare them to put their deeds to a Tryal ;

For we'l might him,

Right him, bright him,

*Tan ta ra ra ra Boys, and we'l delight him.*

( 8 )

In spite of *Whig*-Feasts made to oppose him,

Who with loud Rabble strive to out-noise him ;

Great *Jemmy* shall prosper muckle well,

In spite of the Faction his Vertue does excell :

The more they hate him, spight him, slight him,

The more loyal subjects strive for to right him :

Expressing, Confessing

Their joy for the Blessing,

*Tan ta ra ra ra boys, and we'l delight him.*

FINIS.

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